

John A N Tucker

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EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;

Upon his late CONDUCT in Publick Affairs.



L O N D O N:

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TO THE READER.

THE following Lines being chiefly Historical, it was thought necessary that the Narrative should commence at that Point of Time wherein the noble PERSONAGE to whom they are addressed exhibited an Instance of the most generous, I might almost venture to say supernatural Concern for the Welfare of his Country, whose Deliverance was then at the very Crisis, that any Age or Nation can boast of. This may serve to obviate any Objection relating to the Distance of Time when the Calamity deplored in the beginning of this Epistle, the Death of his only DAUGHTER, happened.

I have endeavoured, throughout this Performance, at a rigid Impartiality, not bearing upon the Edges, but steering in the Middle, in humble Imitation of his glorious Example to whom I was writing; for which Reason I expect to be condemned by the Violent on both Sides.

There is a poisonous Spirit gone forth amongst us at present of indulging groundless Jealousies and Surmises, which are the Seed-Plot of various Mischiefs, and the very Bane of all Human Society; This is the Particular I have principally aim'd to discourage. It betrays the utmost want of Gratitude to our Benefactors, to insinuate that they pretend contrary to what they profess, to judge the Tree to be bad when we see the Fruit good, and to pronounce of Mens Hearts in direct contrariety even to their very Actions; this is to subvert the Foundations of all Publick Spirit, and the least bad Consequence of it must be this, that it will discourage others from henceforth employing their Time and Force for the Service of those who make such untoward Requitals for it.

E R R A T A.

Page 7. Line 12. instead of *native Slaves* read *native Knaves*.

Page 10. Line 9. instead of *watch'd* read *watch*.

Page 11. Line 14. instead of *You* read *He*.



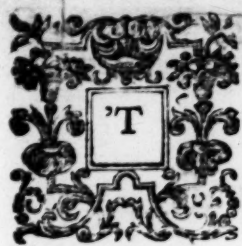


A N

EPISTLE

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTNEY, Esq;



WAS Heav'n's Decree ---- 'tis seal'd ---- the

Moment's past,

The dire, dire Moment when SHE smil'd

her last!

No Complaints can e'er regain th' immortal Maid,

No Prayers bring back the Sky-adopted Shade:

Cease then, illustrious Mourner, cease to dwell

On fruitless Woe --- let thy firm Bosom swell

With Patriot Cares; attend thy Country's Call;

Heark! she implores thy Aid to break her Fall;

B

Each

Each fainting Heart, and ev'ry feeble Knee,
 For Life and Vigour, anxious wait on Thee.
 'Tis done! once more the storm-tost State you guide,
 The People's Pilot, and the Senate's Pride:
 For us the Patriot from the Parent's Eye
 Wipes ev'ry Tear, and smother's ev'ry Sigh.
 Is't possible? Could, then, the Beam divine
 Of publick Love dispel a Grief like thine?
 Can no reversing Surge, no adverse Wind
 O'erfet the Ballast of thy anchor'd Mind?
 Was there, in mortal Mould, a Breast so man'd
 As Fate's whole Host could, thus, unshaken stand!
 Thy Loss, *Affliction's* Self could not express,
Creation's Darling in her fairest Dress!
 A *Form* so fraught with all that ought to please,
 Wants in the *Mind* had been o'erlook'd with ease,
 Yet such the radiant Treasures of her *Mind*,
 That all who view'd them, to her *Form* were blind;
Wit which could strike assuming Folly dead,
 And *Sense* which temper'd ev'ry thing she said;
Judgment which ev'ry little Fault could spie,
 But *Candor* which would pass a thousand by;

Such

Such wondrous Heights the Virgin Phoenix soar'd
 Beyond her Years, that she was half ador'd:
 There was no Twilight seen, at once 'twas Day,
 And her Morn's Sun display'd a Noon-tide Ray;
 No wonder, then, that Sun so early set,
 When, tho' its Course was short, 'twas still complete;
 No wonder she so early disappears,
 Who swiftly liv'd by Moments, not by Years;
 Her purer Soul soon cast its Case of Clay,
 And to eternal Freedom wing'd its Way.
 The circling Spheres, with Modulation sweet,
 In fuller Chorus her Ascension greet;
 Whilst Heav'n receives her from repining Earth,
 And a * *new-kindled Star* proclaims th' ethereal Birth.

Happy, O happy! to those Regions flown
 Where Heav'n's full Streams of Pleasures are thy own,
 Hail! youngest, purest Daughter of the Sky ---
 Who'd wish to live that hop'd like thee to die?

Ignoble Minds when they're depriv'd of ought,
 Which charm'd the Sense or dwelt upon the Thought,

* *New-kindled Star*] Alluding to the late Comet which made its Appearance at that Time.

Meanly exclaim, their Darling's *lost* --- but You
 Who Wisdom's Dictates in *each* Scene pursue,
 Cry not you've *lost*, but say that you've *restor'd*
 What bounteous Heav'n did for a while afford.
 Your only Daughter, your fond Hope is dead,
 Yet you nor beat the Breast, nor droop the Head,
 But yield her, with resign'd Humility,
 To the kind *Owner's* Hands who lent her Thee.

Rome's godlike *Patriot*, who condemn'd a Son
 That counter to his Nation's Welfare run,
 Gain'd, by that single Act, immortal Fame,
 And *Father of his Country* was his Name;
 How much more justly is that *Stile* Y O U R due!
 BRUTUS condemn'd a *guilty* Son --- but Y O U
 A *spotless* Daughter lost, a while forget,
 And for the *Publick*, run in Nature's Debt:
 He *justly* from Society was swept,
 Nor merited one *Moment* to be wept;
 But S H E, the Boast and Blessing of her Age,
 Wish of the Youth, and Wonder of the Sage;

A *shining Light* in darkest Days set forth,
 Just to display our *Barrenness* of *Worth*;
 No sooner shewn than snatch'd away again,
 Left our foul Vapours should her Lustre stain;
 She, she deserv'd thy Tears should endless flow,
 And claim'd a Tribute from each Fount of Woe.

Ev'n CICERO's Self, that Idol of Mankind!
 By you o'ermatch'd in Fortitude of Mind,
 Lags in the Race of Glory far behind. }
 For when the Sisters cut his *Tullia's* Thread,
 And number'd his fair Offspring with the Dead,
 How did the *Patriot* melt away in Tears,
 And wear the Vassalage of Woe for Years?
 From *Rome* and all its Cares *Rome's* Guardian fled,
 Dead to Renown, and to his Country dead;
 The *Orator*, by frantick Passion tofs'd,
 Found his *own* Rhet'rick, on *himself*, first lost,
 And long, too long, the Chambers of Despair
 Depriv'd the Publick of his genial Care.

Not so was PULTNEY's manlier Breast unnerv'd,
 Not so from Right the steadier *Briton* swerv'd:
 His Country's Genius bade him leave the Urn,
 Quit private Woe, and for *her* Welfare burn;
 Instant he rouses at th' inspiring Call,
 Instant he cheers her drooping *Capitol*.
 Again his Breast with *double* Ardor glows,
 With *double* Force his social Rhet'rick flows;
 So when the genial *Thames* a * few Years past
 Found its Course check'd by an all-conqu'ring Blast,
 Some Moments at the Stroke appall'd it stood,
 And a dead Languor chain'd the gen'rous Flood;
 But soon collecting all its scatter'd Force,
 And rolling on itself a backward Course,
 With a redoubled Strength away it bounds,
 Resistless overleaps its wonted Mounds,
 And makes more fertile all the neighb'ring Grounds.

† *Britannia's* Sun now shot a *parting* Ray,
 Just on the Point of putting out her Day;

* The Incident here alluded to happened in *September 1716*, when the *Thames* lay perfectly dry both above and below Bridge for some time.

† The following Forty Lines represent the State of *Great Britain* in the Year 1741.

Now,

Now, half *enslav'd*, half *bankrupt*, *Albion's* Realm,
 Had neither *Weight* nor *Wisdom* at the *Helm*,
 But *W---e*, like a boding *Screech-Owl* fate
 Close to the Window of the dying State;
 At more than *War's* *Expence* now *Peace* was kept,
 And *War* on *Peace's* Poppy Pillow *slept*.

Our Rulers now for this, now that, now either,
 Nor durst a Step 'till *FLEURY* told 'em whither;
 Unknowing how to *strike*, or how *depend*,
Fear'd by no Foe, and *trusted* by no Friend;
 Cajol'd, by *foreign* Craft, of half our Trade,
 Whilst *native* Slaves our *native* Rights betray'd;
 Court-Moths corrupt, Court-Thieves broke through
 and stole,

Brib'ry and Plunder jogg'd on cheek by jole,
 Whilst *Wrong* enobled went so *cloth'd* like *Right*,
 That *Virtue* *blush'd* because her Robe was *white*.
 No Power, no Shelter left the Common-weal,
 But *Albion's* Head was crush'd by *Gallia's* Heel.

Nay in the *Church* as well as *State* we found
 Corruption, Guile, and frantick Dreams abound;

The

The sacred *Scribes*, for Midwife *W-----*'s Gain,
 From *Light* were into *Darkness* born again,
 Whilst the low Mob the monstrous Birth adore,
 Who trampled on the *Heav'n-sprung* one before;
 And the high Rabble, to be thought more wise,
 And neither reverence, put out their *Eyes*.

Now all things tow'ards their pristine *Chaos* lean'd,
 No Seed of Art or Science to be glean'd;
 St. STEPHEN'S *Curfew* toll'd --- put out the *Light*,
 And the P---s Chimes play'd round --- let there be *Night*.
 Now the last Times of *Peril* seem'd begun,
 For fatal *Discord* reign'd 'twixt *Sire* and *Son*;
 Each *Nation* against *Nation* fierce rose up,
 And *Britons* drank the Dregs of *Circe's* Cup;
 Whilst ev'ry *Patriot* Eye distill'd a *Tear*,
 And BOURBON rung his *Shackles* in our *Ear*.

Then, in that very *Crisis* of our *Fate*,
 Just at that *Point* when 'twas not quite too late,
 PULTNEY step'd forth the SAVIOUR of the State,
 And with an out-stretch'd Arm, and mighty Hand,
 From worse than *Egypt's* Bondage snatch'd the Land.

O arduous

O arduous Task! to stem th'*impetuous* Tide
 When NEPTUNE and his *Host* were on its Side;
 To scale the Skies, bring banish'd Freedom thence,
 And our *lost* Heav'n retake, *by Violence!*
 Could Truth, or Sense, or Eloquence prevail,
 When Pow'r, Pelf, Honours urg'd the counter Scale?
 Could the still Voice of Reason e'er be heard
 Amidst a noisy, witless, *hireling* Herd?
 Could all thy Assiduity, or Art,
 E'er cure our *Constitution's rotten Part?*
 Or could'st thou hope to master the *foul Fiend*
 That *curs'd the Land*, when by a *Legion* screen'd?

Yes, PULTNEY, you did stem th'incroaching Tide,
 Tho' NEPTUNE and his *Host* were on its Side;
 Brought banish'd Freedom back from whence 'twas
 flown,
 And made the Heav'n we'd lost once more our own;
 Thy Truth, Sense, Eloquence no longer fail'd,
 But Reason's gentle Voice at length prevail'd;
 Thy gen'rous Assiduity, and Art,
 Did cure our *Constitution's rotten Part;*

And marvellously master'd the *foul Fiend*
 That *curs'd the Land*, tho' by a *Legion* screen'd.
 No longer able to resist thy Might,
 He steals into a *mean*, inglorious *Flight*,
 Whilst you disdain to crush a Wretch that *flies*,
 And only, now, *pursue him with your Eyes*.
 So gen'rous Wines, which still ferment the most,
 The Vict'ry gain'd, the mildest Spirit boast.

Our guardian Angels watch'd the *turning Scene*,
 And from their Orbs with wond'ring Transport lean;
Britannia's Genius starts up from the Dead,
 And her cheer'd Sons once more erect the Head;
 Viewing, with Joy, at ORNAN's *Threshing-Floor*,
 The *Minister of Wrath*, at length, give o'er.
 Loud Peals of just Applause our Bliss proclaim,
 And Heav'n's high Vault resounds with PULTNEY'S
 Name;
 The Zephyrs bland our rapt'rous *Pæans* bear,
 And distant Realms the glorious Triumph share;
 ALL LAUD, on Wings of Incense soars on high,
 'Till Joy itself's half lost in Ecstasy.

So

So ſubterranean Fire in *Ætna* pent,
 Which long in vain had ſtruggled for a Vent,
 Whence once the warring Winds evade the Weight,
 And a free Paſſage for the Flame create,
 The blazing Spires ruſh out with rapid Force,
 And to the Skies impetuous wing their Courſe.

The Reins now *forc'd* from the *Corruptor's* Hand,
 And plac'd in *Their's* who join'd the glorious Stand,
 For *HE* refus'd --- O Self-denial rare!
Ought, but the *Glory* and the *Toil*, to ſhare!
 This Godlike Man, who late with Zeal inspir'd,
 And at *Britannia's* Wrongs divinely fir'd,
 With Peals of Rhet'rick bore upon the Foe,
 Nor ceas'd its Thunder 'till you laid him low,
 Now calm ſits down, debating in his Breſt,
 What Labour next muſt give his Country Reſt;
 Free from all Rancour, Pique, or partial Hate,
 How to compoſe the long perturbed State;
 How to undo what the *Arch-Foe* had done,
 And perfect the great Work he had begun:

And

And who so skill'd to smoothe the Publick Rage,
As HE who his own Griefs could thus assuage.
For this the SIRE he boldly undeceiv'd,
And heal'd that baneful *Breach* we long had griev'd;
For this he *strove* to bring to Justice *Those*
Whom *Truth* proclaim'd their King's and Country's Foes.

But here, great PULTNEY! in *this Point* of Light,
You shine the most *conspicuously* bright!
When Blood beat *high*, when Rage unbounded reign'd,
And all *demand'd* what could *ne'er been gain'd*;
When such *warm* Lengths our rous'd Resentment ran,
As well you knew would mar your *gen'rous Plan*;
A Plan concerted for the *gen'ral* Good,
Form'd nor on *Cowardice* nor *Thirst of Blood*,
You step'd between, quench'd hot Revenge's Brand,
Determin'd not to *burn* but *warm* the Land,
And taught us *Vengeance* is a *dang'rous* Force,
Unless 'tis *smooth'd* and *guided* in its Course.
For sake of *Peace*, Things not so *good* as *Peace*
Judicious You *gave up*, that with more *Ease*

Our *various* Int'rests you might reconcile,
And lull to Rest the Storms that rent our *Isle*,
Or make those Tempests cease *at Home* to blow,
And turn their *blended Fury* on the *common* Foe.
And lo the bless'd *Effects*! we now no more
See *fetter'd* Fleets lie *slumb'ring* round our Shore,
But *distant* Regions tremble at their *Roar*:
Our Troops no longer are a useless Band
Of *Lady-Birds* that redden all the Land,
But active *Champions* for their *Country* stand:
Whilst *long-lost* Friends once more a *Trust* repose,
And gladly join us 'gainst invading Foes.

And now a *whiter* *ÆRA* is begun,
Britannia joys in her *returning Sun*;
The dark'ning Clouds that hung upon her Day,
Like Morning Mists, are swiftly chas'd away;
Her Realm shall now, with *wiser* Counsels blest,
Not only *balance*, but *direct* the rest:
Her *guarded* Commerce shall no Limits know,
But like her Seas in boundless Circles flow;

14
Whilst her brave *Sailors* safely plough the Main,
And her eas'd *Craftsmen* now no more in vain
Of *sinking Trade*, and *rising Tax* complain.

Let *Those*, then, who still *curse* their *present State*,
And grudge themselves the *Bliss* they cannot rate,
Who *Jew-like*, whilst with *Manna* they are fed,
Still *munch* and *murmur* at the heav'nly bread;
And their great *Moses'* Honour now contest,
Who led them to the *Verge* of promis'd Rest,
Let such *repine* and *grumble* whilst they will,
PULTNEY proceed, thy righteous Measure fill,
And teach those *Churls* who are so prompt to blame,
You toil with publick, not with private Aim.
Great Actions still by Great must be maintain'd,
As Bodies are by *kindred Food* sustain'd;
A gen'rous Care for *us* first fir'd your Breast,
And your own *FAME* will now secure the rest.

F I N I S.



